

All Ships Are Canon Homestuck Zine

**In order of appearance*

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Thank you all who participated in the
ASAC zine!

The goal of this zine is to enjoy and
explore ships without judgement or
hate. Thank you so much for adding
kindness and love into the lives of us
in the fandom. Your work and love
for these ships and characters is
inspiring.

Please enjoy our zine, and spread
the love. ♥







Small flower bloomingRuddy petals and green thorns...It's a wonder, flushed.--Creaking ship hollows--Jade once so bright lays now dull
And the Demon mourns.

--

Trust given freely
With warm home and warmer arms...
If it were but free!

--

From point A to B
A tangled knot of time's thread
Dyed deep green and red.

--

Warmth bubbling up...
Ah! Mistaken for pitch hate
But it is flushed love!

--

A ram and a moth
Butting heads from time to time--
And at others mouths!

--

Whisper to a guard...
The job so dreaded now done--
A Judas revealed.

--

Kind words in the snow,
Sympathies for a demon--
Useless and foolish!

--

Blood staining the ground...
A grin and a frown shared then,
And brimming respect.

--

Lines of time laid out
Searched out through and through more still!
Is this truly fate?

--

Space joined with Time--
Bodies bared free of clothing
And of harsh duty.

--

Curled ram horns--Death, death!
Birth steps forward out of love,
Death is not fearsome.

--

Safety is not safe--
Soft words cut like knives, the pain!The Demon departs.

--

Grey cloth gift given...
A brief spark of love's full joy
Soon to be snuffed out.

--

Gratitude lives long
Even as the son does not,
Save but in his cape.

--

Cueball--white all through--
Faceless sneer (he knows, he mocks)
Blank oblivion.--A young ram in spring --The kind mother gives
versesGift of a lifetime.--A young moth in fall--Cruel demon gives
back those words,A circle complete.

--

Hazy morning mist...
Fallen one looks out to sea
Her love fading fast.

--

Eyes without knowing,
Loving looks for a spider--
Death would cut less deep!

--

Irons burning flesh
Shrieks of a mother burn more--
The Demon hung both.

--

A warm cup of tea
Shared between lovers--such bliss!--
If only it'd last...
A pile of ash...
Only rebuke for her jade:
The Devil's heart broke.

--

Time can't be broken!
The lines of heads show that fact.
Why did she bother?

--A time rebel gloats:Look at my life, I lived this!Joy is crushed by
hate.--The rebel moth states:I accepted this sweeps back!Death
without regret.
--Interwoven paths--Once young here, then not the next.Love does
not fly straight.

--

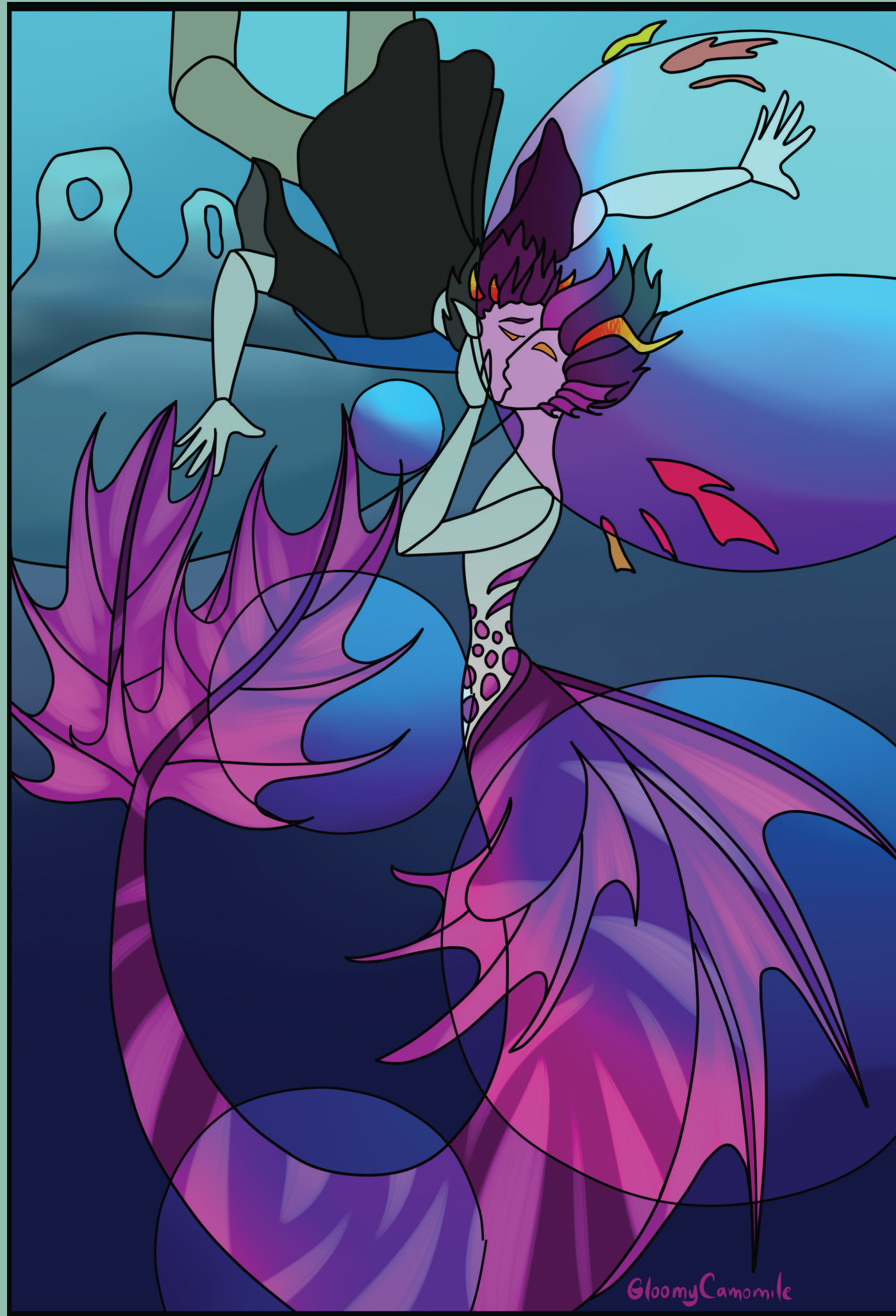
The clock ticks byRivers jade, crimson, yellow...But not burgundy.

--

The end awaits! Now!But the then with her crops up...Even now it's
flushed.

--





Tags; Eridan Ampora/Sollux Captor, Eridan Ampora, Sollux Captor, EriSol, Red Romance



Tags; Kismesis, Older Couple, Size Difference, Nanna, GHB, Blackrom





A Night on the City

~

It began, likes most things did with Gamzee; a completely random question seemingly out of nowhere that lead to an explanation that lead to trying to convince the pan-rotten that no, miracles had nothing to do with any of what he'd just said hadn't he been listening or had the sopor made his vision piss poor on top of everything else?

You know, a normal interaction with Gamzee Makara, Alternia's and by extension your small social circle of idiots that could put up with your bullshit and melodrama, resident pan-dead worthless excuse of a clown.

Not that being a worthless excuse of a clown was a bad thing, Sollux would much prefer if Gamzee remained exactly as incompetent a Highblood as he was right now so that he didn't have to worry too much about the idiot going crazy and just fucking culling everyone around him for absolutely no reason. Also Sollux really didn't want to go through the effort of trying to find someone else that would just listen to him and his bullshit whenever he wanted them to, that was way too much work for him to even think about considering and he was far too busy doing really important things to bother with something like that.

So the clown had to remain as he was; grossly incompetent and a wonder to all as to how exactly he'd survived as long as he had. The eighth, useless wonder of Alternia.

And he was Sollux's to keep track of, until he found someone better to replace him at least, shouldn't be too hard considering the only thing he was really keeping Gamzee around for was the protection and security having a quadmate so high on the hemospectrum offered.

Yes, that was the only singular reason for it.

Anyone who implied otherwise didn't know what they were talking about.

"Hey," Sollux stiffened at the scratch of claws against his skin, snapping his head to where the clown in question was standing next to him, towering over him with his thin, too long limbs, untameable hair and mismatched fangs. "Ain't getting lost in that head a yours are you?"

"No." Sollux snorted harshly, turning away from the clown next to him again to look anywhere but the idiot's ugly face. "Thome of uth can actually think of more than one thing at on the, you know."

"Sure coulda fooled me there," Sollux stiffened, jaw clenching as he turned to narrow his eyes at Gamzee again, the clown not even bothering to look at him as he spoke, a hand messing up his already chirpbeast nest of hair while lazy, dull eyes examined their surroundings. "Though a motherfucker like you knew better then ta get lost out here."

Sollux's eyes narrowed further, lip curling away to bare his much smaller, duller fangs at the highblood, which would have been more effective if Gamzee would actually pay attention to him when he's trying to intimidate the pan-dead moron. "You implying that I'm in danger out here?"

The question was sharp, demanding an answer that would prick Sollux's nerves whichever way the clown answered.

"Well yeah," and of course Gamzee would choose something that stupid to respond with. "Ain't like there's no motherfucker here that won't be taking all kind a motherfucking offense ta someone like you being here, yeah?"

"And here I though that'th what you were here for," Sollux grumbled, turning away from Gamzee and crossing his arms over his chest as the clown wasn't acknowledging him like he was supposed to be. "Why elthe would anyone want to be theen with you anywhere outthide of their hive?"

"Can't being cause they got any kind a taste or standard," Gamzee agreed, easily insulting Sollux's taste in quadrant mates and poking fun at the knowledge that despite everything Sollux was saying, he was still there, out on the city and making use of Gamzee's higher, colder blood colour to keep himself safe.

"Thhut up and let'th go." He lengthened his stride in an effort to put more distance between himself and the frustrating clown, an effort made useless by Gamzee's longer limbs. It was easy for the clown to catch up to him, even with his slower, meandering pace which was nothing short of infuriating.

"You going the right way?"

"Of courthe I am."

“You being motherfuckin sure a that?”

“Yeth.” He huffed and turned to peer at Gamzee from the corner of his eye, moving to scowl up at the clown fully when he saw the concern painted on his face, real and believable but for the way his mouth was already attempting to break out in a wide grin. Fucking asshole clown not even bothering to lie right, could do it to everyone else but oh no Sollux didn’t deserve anything like that. “You may get loht walking to your ablution block, but thome of uth have more then the than that.”

“That ain’t no way to be acting to a motherfucker that’s just wanting to tell you you missed the turn.”

Sollux stiffened, head snapping back the way they’d just come, fully aware of the way Gamzee was grinning at him, fangs bared from his mirthful amusement.

The clown was right though, he had missed the turn and then needed to turn around if they wanted to get where they were supposed to be heading, idiot clown distracting him.

“Fuck.” Sollux muttered to himself, starting back down the road so they could actually get where Sollux wanted to go before the night ended.

“Now don’t be getting all motherfucking sulky on a motherfucker,” Gamzee purred, easily catching up with Sollux to throw a long, lanky arm over his shoulders, jostling the smaller troll and pulling him closer into his side, a clear mark of connection and that none of the surrounding highbloods should bother the gold. “You can be admitting to wanting to spend more time with me.”

“I’d rather choke on a bulge.”

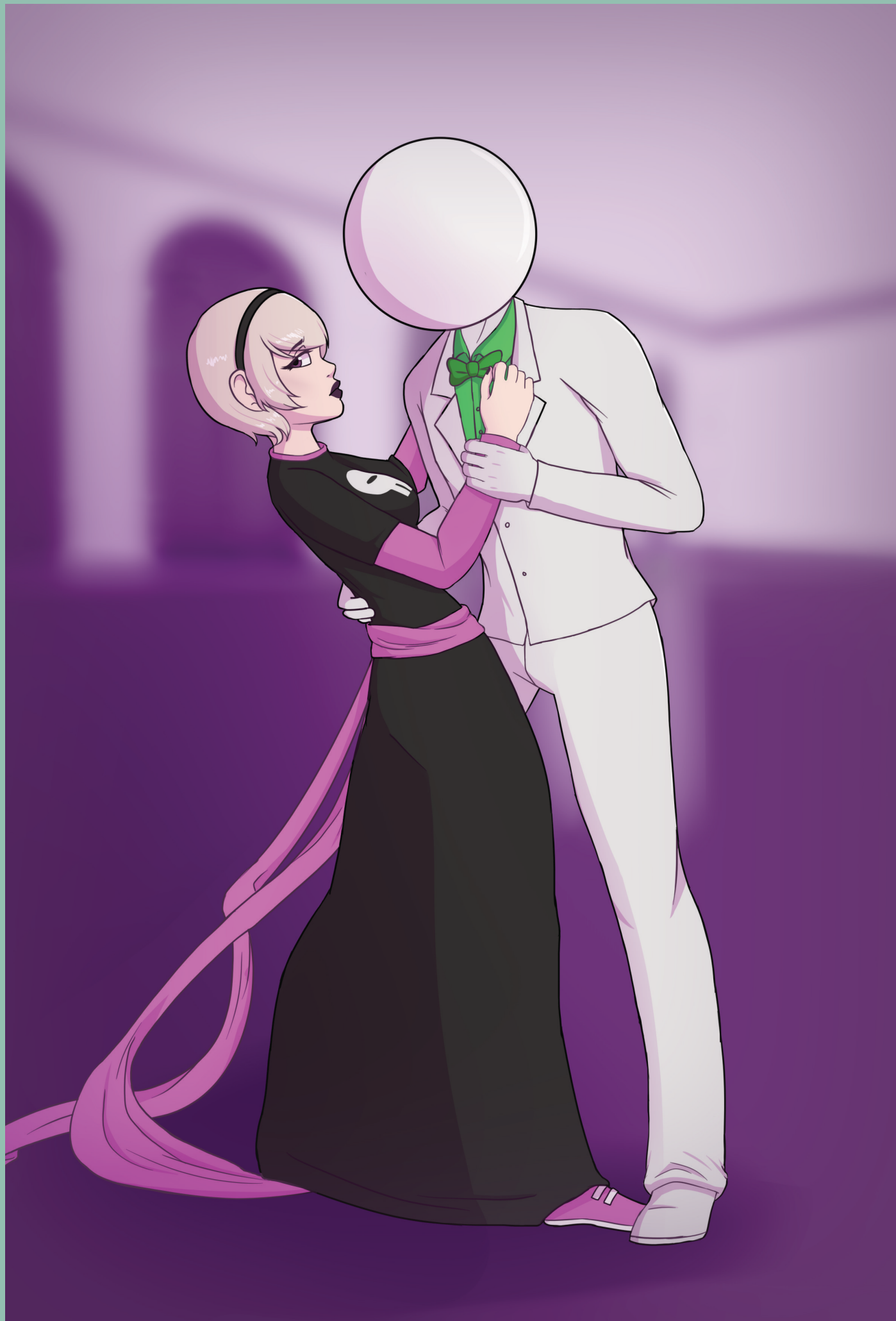
“We can do that later, get you marked up all pretty for once.”

“You’d fucking like that wouldn’t you?”

“Gotta find some kinda use for you.”

“Fucking aththhole.”

“Honk~”











"CAN'T BELIEVE THAT JACKASS ISN'T BACK YET." Karkat cursed to himself, laying back as he watched his moirail at his computer desk. Sollux was lucky in that regard - with his job he could (and often does) stay in their hive most nights, not needing to commute to work. Karkat, on the other hand, has just returned from a several wipes long assignment protecting Feferi and was expecting his matesprit (who knew when he was coming home) to make himself available.

But no, he returns to find his flushed partner anywhere to be found. He just wanted some pity dammit.

"Careful kk. almo2t 2ounds liike you want to fliip quadrants on us," is Sollux's blase response, not even looking up at the monitors.

Still fuming, Karkat flops onto the loungeplank, more than happy to stew in his thoughts - see if he would give that chumbucket the time of day when he got back. Not that Karkat wanted to flip quadrants - he just couldn't muster that kind of hate for Eridan, nor would he be willing to push his moirail out of a mostly stable black relationship like that. He hardly even notices when he falls asleep, slumping and trying to make himself comfy on the cushions to the sound of typing.

Karkat comes to at the feeling of webbed fingers combing through his hair.

"can't believve you didn't take him to his cocoon," he hears Eridan scold from above.

There's a snort from further in the block, "a2 iif ii could pick kk up."

Eridan is quick to snipe back, "as if your lowwblood powwers wwouldnt be able to hold him."

"and drop hiim halfway up two the respiiteblock? no thank2." Sollux replies. The tone of the yellowblood's words were more playful than harsh, which would have Karkat up from his doze faster than a nut creature scurrying up a tree trying to keep each other's throats out.

Karkat knows that he should probably get up - it's the first time in what feels like a perigee that his matesprit and moirail were available at the same time, it could be better spent doing *something* - but he's comfy in his spot on the loungeplank. so instead, he moves a claw hand towards the one softly petting him and pulls, just enough for Eridan to yelp as he's pulled down into his flushed lover. Karkat snuggles into the slightly cool body of the troll now above him, sighing in contentment.

"oh 2o iits a cuddlepile now?" that's all the warning they have before Sollux launches himself onto the other two trolls.

"i wwill gut you," is all Eridan threatens but he moves just enough so he's at the far end of the loungeplank, allowing Sollux enough room to squeeze in against the back, Karkat firmly settled in the middle like a too satisfied purrbeast.

Maybe they'll regret this hours from now, that they should have gone upstairs into their large recuperacoon for sleep, but for now, they're content to cuddle together, baking in a mixture of pity and hate.



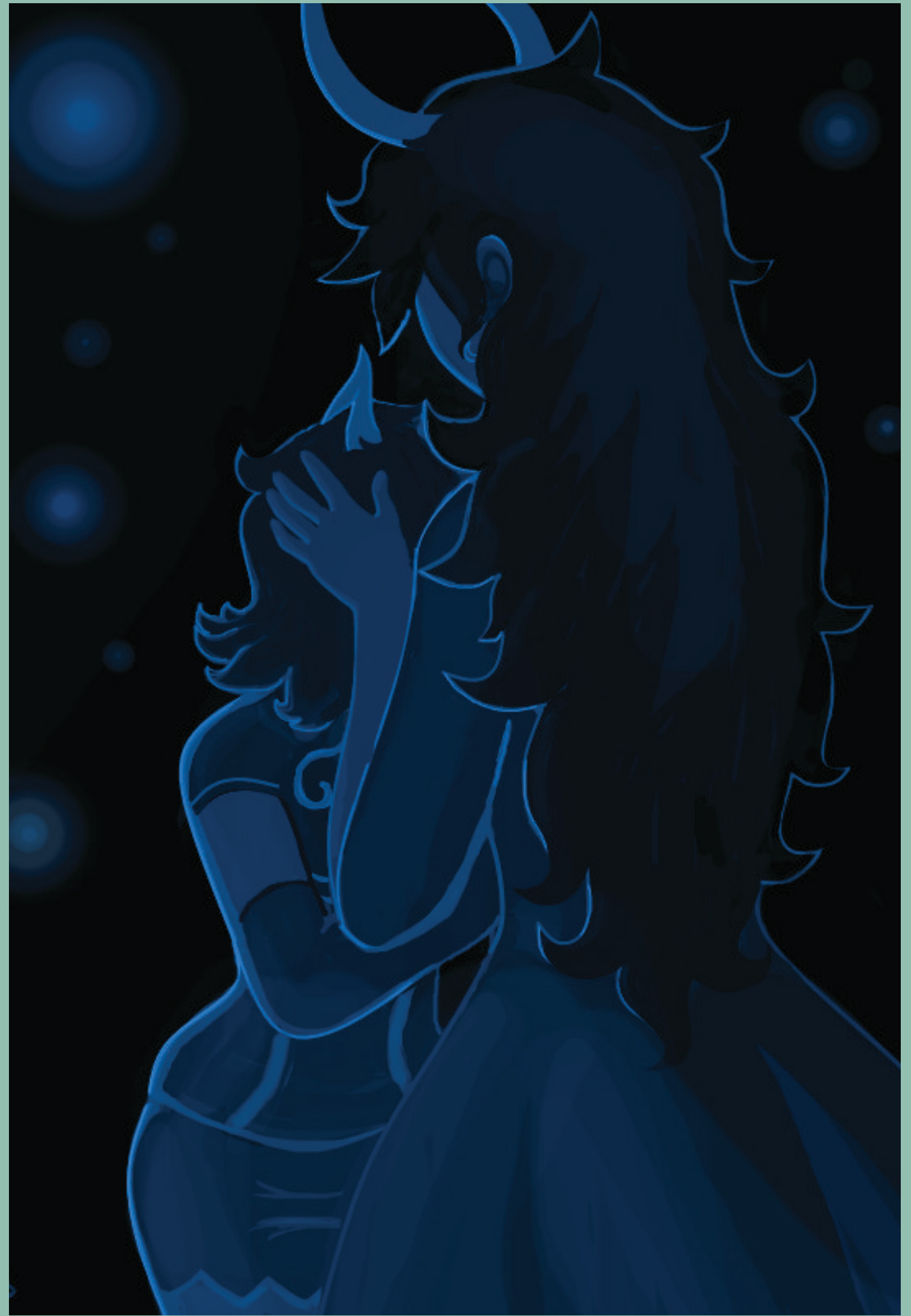
Tags; Doc Scratch, Handmaid, Ancestors, age gap implied grooming, toxic relationship



Tags; fluff



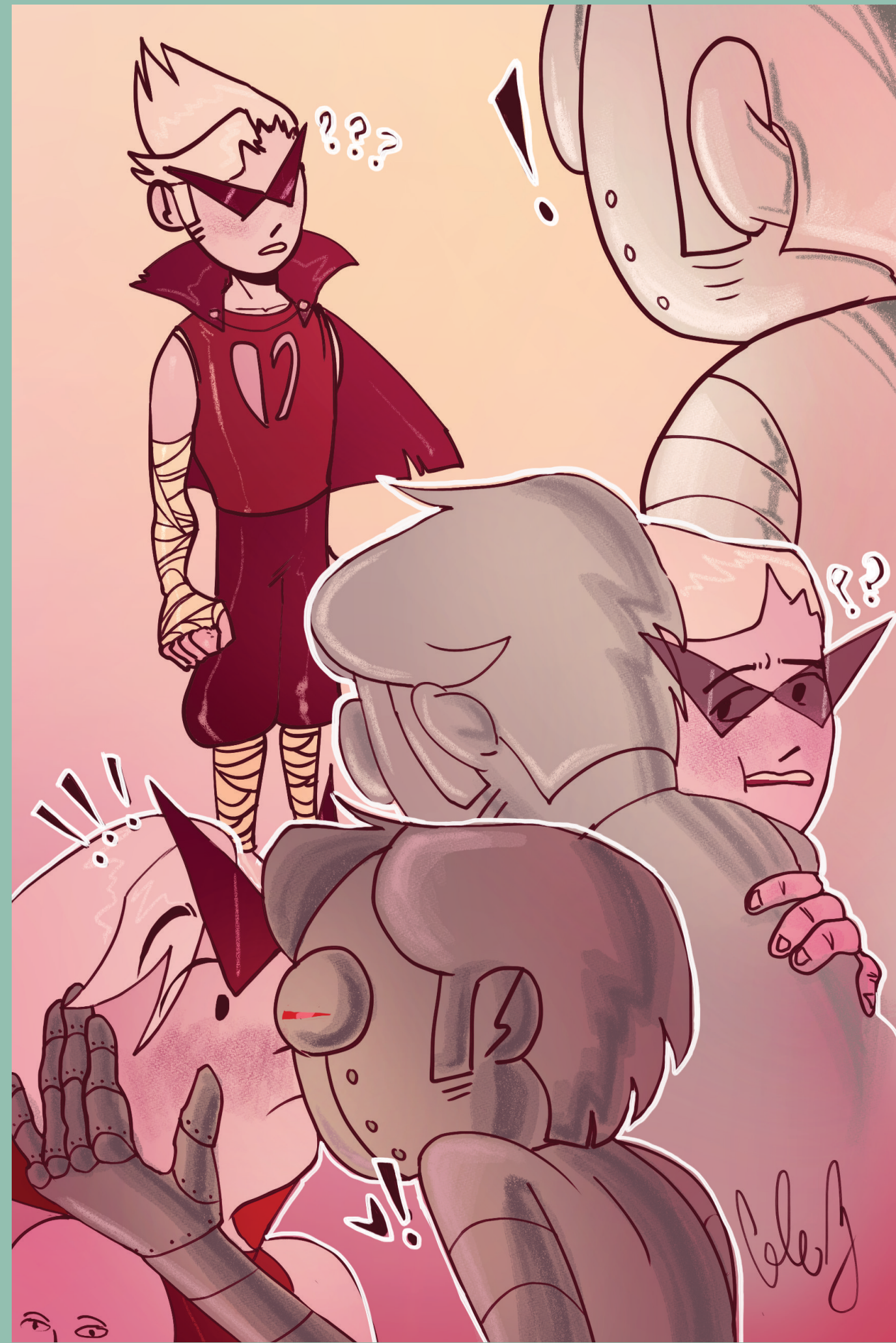
Tags; incest, fluff, prospit, johnjade, prospitcast



Tags; Aranea Serket, Marquise Spinneret Mindfang, Selfcest, Fluff



Tags; Gore, AlphaBro, AlphaMom, Angst



Tags; Homestuck 2, incest, canon divergence, davebot



Tags; Aradia Megido, Vriska Serket, Mermaidstuck AU, Mermaids



Tags; vriska serket, aranea serket, dancestorcest, incest, serketcest



Tags; Diebar, the intermission, homestuck intermission, the felt, Die, Crowbar, sketchpage, sketch





Dualsign - "Blood of the Army Man"

call the hotline call the cops
 call the corporals and army sops
 call me a medic if you please
 because I will die if I bleed

a wound is open and tearing still
 you stare within me a dream to kill
 not personal a job to do
 even if it's just me and you

hello corporal hello cop
 privateer that cannot stop
 you could just sit and stay awhile
 maybe you'll see I'm not so vile

what's inside is inside counts
 but not what now is bleeding out
 there's more to me than what you see
 so listen now I'll show you me

lovely corporal lovely cop
 a man who knows what he has wrought
 when you need me I will be here
 there's more to life than blood and beer

you listen well and listen true
 I pass my knowledge me to you
 love my family and my friends
 do not mourn when my story ends

called the corporal called the cops
 sometimes things just cannot be stopped
 thank you for lending me your ear
 remember it and have no fear

you set fires I put them out

the world is on fire

I breathe it in and let it out and I know what it's all about but
 even as the clock keeps ticking onward

the world is on fire

it isn't hard it's so bizarre the way I feel breaking hearts but now
 I know that I can go no farther

the world is on fire

and maybe you set it but I can't forget it I can't let the world
 keep spinning

the world is on fire

I was here for the end my dear and my friend so I promise I'm
 there for the beginning

"Do you know what I am?"

Rose just hmms, because she really doesn't have words for it other than "an idiot" at the moment, but she doesn't necessarily want to be rude. It's just a natural response. "Do tell."

"I'm a mistake. I'm not even able to define myself. The English language can't contain my multitudes."

"Sounds pretty stuck-up to me," Rose says, without looking up from her knitting.

It has the desired reaction - blessed silence. For a few moments, the world holds its breath, and through the silence Rose can almost hear the gears in Dirk's head turning, even the rusty ones he uses for when people outsmart him. If nothing else, Rose appreciates how smart he is. ("If nothing else". She's being stuck-up and stuffy too, because they bring that out in each other, the two of them. They're a good match, but they can get caught in an endless spiral of one-upping way too easy, like now.)

Dirk's brain-gears finally grind themselves out, and what Rose just said to him actually clicks.

"Excuse me?" Dirk nearly falls off the couch he's laying on (for the aesthetic) in his rush to sit up and give Rose the deepest, most vitriolic look. Now, this look is about 3% more vitriolic than his resting bitch face, but Rose appreciates the subtlety. When she bothers looking, which she doesn't. She can just tell.

"Do you need me to repeat myself? I will, if I need to. But I know you heard what I said, and what I said was -"

"How is it stuck-up?" Dirk ferrets, leaning forward with his pointy elbows braced on his pointy knees.

You know, for someone so smart, Dirk can be unbearably stupid.

"Only someone remarkably self-absorbed would decide that your thoughts matter more to those around you than your actions."

Dirk looks at her, and Rose raises her head to look back. They are both still, for a moment, and a moment longer.

Dirk crawls to put his head in her lap. Deftly, she flicks the end of her knitting over his face and continues. They say nothing, for awhile. Dirk rests, and Rose knits.

"... Thanks," he says, quietly.

She paps his face. As good as a kiss right now. "Love you too."



Tags; fluff, cuddles, hacking, and also checking insta